

PORCUPINE



CHRISTMAS
1908

GREEN '08

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Carrie St. Clair.—Marcus and Brutus are strong horses.

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PHONE BLACK 4622

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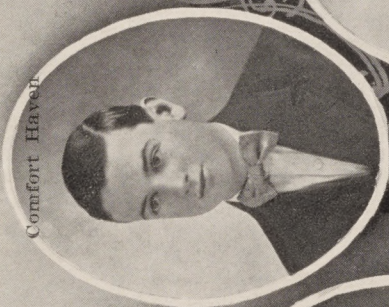


To
Miss Frances L. O'Meara

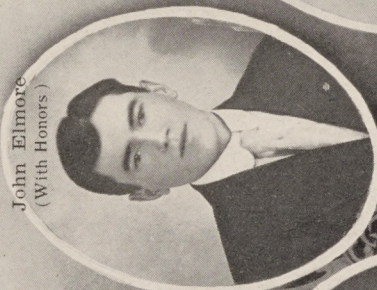
This issue of "The Porcupine" is affection-
ately dedicated by the Christmas
Class of 1908, of the
the Santa Rosa
High School



Comfort Haven



John Elmore
(With Honors)



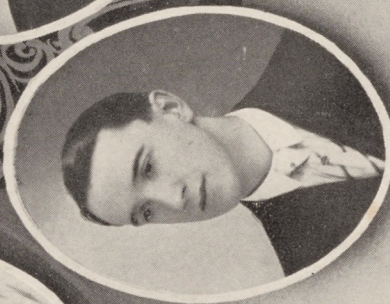
Bessie McFarlane



Nellie Lee



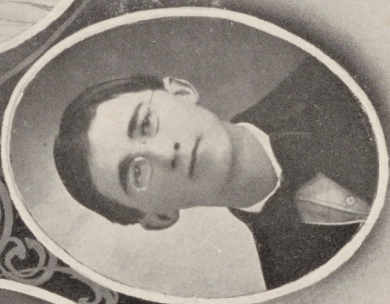
Thorn Gale



Raymond Linsley
(Secretary)



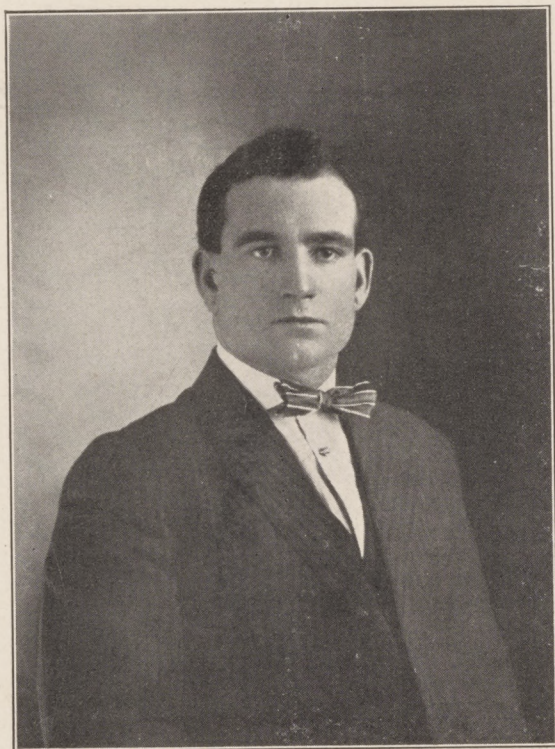
Howard Hubbell



Class Motto
"Umquam Altior."

Class Colors
Purple and Gold.

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OF THE
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AND
ANATOMY
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LEWIS LAMBERT

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

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1724

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The Porcupine

VOL. XIV. SANTA ROSA, CAL., DECEMBER, 1908 NO. 14

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

Prophecy of the Xmas Class of '08

The huge airship slowly descended and stopped, poised in the air, a few feet from where I stood. "Jump in quick, if you would see the future of the class of Xmas, '08," came a voice from above, as a little, bearded old man poked his head over the side of the airship.

A small iron ladder was lowered, and I lost no time in getting into the car. The motor began its throbbing, the fans started, and the flying car whirled upward.

"So you wish to see into the future?" said the little man, who had seated himself beside me. "Very well you will soon learn all you wish."

We were far above the house-tops now, and still the car soared upward, up, up, up; the earth beneath was hardly visible; the clouds were far beneath us, and still we soared higher. My breath began to come short and quick, and it felt as if a huge weight were upon my chest, I gasped for breath, a blur passed over my eyes, and I fell back among the cushions. The dwarf placed his little red cap upon my head and muttered a few unintelligible words.

I found myself in a spacious hall in which the Socialists were holding a rousing political meeting. The hall was filled with a great crowd, attracted there by a speaker of great fame and ability. I struggled through the surging crowd to get near the platform. A burst of applause rang out through the hall and, as it died away, I heard a familiar

voice that shook the very rafters: "Down with the trusts!" Edging a little closed, I recognized my old classmate Lewis Lambert, Socialistic candidate for Mayor of Graton.

The next scene was a monstrous arena, crowded with excited fight-fans, eager for the coming pugilistic battle. Amidst a roar of cheers, the fighters arose from their corners, and an important-looking man stepped to the center of the ring: "Gentlemen," rose a loud, clear, voice, "the greatest pugilistic encounter of history is about to begin—the fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world; allow me to present the fighters."

From my seat at the ringside, I easily recognized my former class-mate Howard Hubbell, the greatest fight promoter of the age.

The third scene was in the country. A little white school-house stood in a well-kept yard, surrounded by a few green trees. Within, the seats were well filled with a goodly number of rising generation, and at the teacher's desk sat Bessie McFarlane, an old classmate of mine.

I was now back in the city again, standing before a large hall. A great crowd was struggling to get within the doors and hundreds of people were being turned away from the box-office. A huge sign near the door disclosed to me the cause of this intense enthusiasm. It read: "John Whitney Elmore, A. M., B. S., Ph. D., O. K., Z. Q., the world-famed chemist, exponent of the irredescent theory of liquids, and compounder of the vertiginous formula for sulphates, will lecture tonight upon the Megatherium Influence of Hydrostatics."

In the next vision I was taking my seat in a magnificent opera house, filled with a crowd of music-loving Americans, assembled to hear one of the greatest musicians of the day. Amid a great thunder of applause Nellie Lee struck the opening chords of a famous opera.

The sixth scene was in the printing office of a thriving newspaper. The typewriters rattled, telegraph keys clicked,

and papers rustled. At a desk, littered with proofs and newspaper clippings, sat an old classmate, George Raymond Linsley, Editor of the Milpitas Morning Muck-Raker.

In the seventh scene, I find myself in the beautiful village of Windsor. In front of the grocery store and Post-office, sit a row of men, their chairs tilted back against the wall, idly discussing politics or country gossip. Dogs lie stretched out at full length upon the rickety porch, with their sleepy heads buried between their fore-legs. The cattle lie half-asleep in the fields. A solitary traveler, enveloped in a cloud of dust, journeys along the tiresome road.

Suddenly the sleepy stillness of the village is broken. Out of the silence comes the alarming ring of the fire-bell. Down the main street the fire-engine clatters, its bell ringing and whistles sereaching, a cloud of black smoke rising from its shiney, nickeled smoke-stack. The department has reached the scene of the conflagration in the remarkable time of seven minutes, from the moment of the alarm. The gallant fire-fighters are well-trained and within a few minutes the fire that threatened the destruction of a thriving village is extinguished. The fire-engine slowly returns and upon the seat, high above the wheels, I see Thorne Gale, Chief of the Windsor Fire Department, who has at least reached the ambition of his life.

The next, the eight scene, was—Alas! The clamoring of the fire-bells and the clattering of engine had been too much for my mystic dreams of the future, and my own was destined to remain in oblivion.



Class History

John Elmore

In a far dim age when black clouds and mists hung over the world, and the children of men saw little of either light or darkness, half a hundred savages gathered together to conquer a certain country called Knowledge. There was much discussion among them as to which road they should take to find it. Some thought it would be best to take an easy one and others said a rough way would be the quickest. But as they were debating among themselves, a man of great age and wisdom came out of the forest and asked them who they were and what they were doing. So they told him that they had heard of a certain country called Knowledge and meant to conquer it, but they knew not which way to take to find it. At this the wise man smiled with a singular, though not unkind, expression and told them to follow him. "I will take you as far as the top of those hills," said he, pointing to a range of mountains in the west. "Farther than that I cannot go, but I will tell you about the country and show you the road that leads there." So they chose him as their leader and started on their way.

The road was rough at first, leading them through the hills of Ancient History where men of old had fought and wrought. It crossed battlefields where the bones of nations lay. It led through ruined cities, by pyramids and temples, still beautiful in their desolation; crossed rivers and seas, and mountains where once dwelt a mighty people. Some of the adventurers fell back here deeming the prize not worth the effort; but the greater part of them, with shouts and laughter and many a merry song, continued on the course they had chosen.

As they walked, the wise man showed them many things about the trees and the beasts, and about the heavens and the earth, that they had never noticed. He told them how the stars shone, and the earth turned around; how the lightening fell and the storms raged.

After a while they stopped in a little valley between the hills for a rest. Here the time passed quickly, and they were soon forced to take up their journey again. But when their leader called them together only about half responded. A few had gone with a man called Duty, who appeared in the camp one morning and told them to follow him. Most of the others had gone to search for Pleasure, a garden, which a native of that country told them lay about a day's journey to the south.

As the remainder started on the second stage of their journey, they found a great mountain in the way, called Latin. At the foot of this mountain there was a broad road called Bluff, that seemed to lead around it. A man named Worklittle told the others that he was no such fool as to go over when he could go around and, in spite of the warnings of the leader, started along this road. But, alas! the road led nowhere. He wandered into a dark wood, tumbled over a hive of bees, and you know the rest. Those who faced the mountain bravely, found that the road though steep, was passable and the worst places were soon over. They begged the wise man now and then to show them the land of Knowledge or, at least, to describe it to them. But he always answered, "Presently, presently. From the top of the hill you will see it," and took up again his discourse on the things about them.

It could be a long story to tell of the deserts of Algebra and Geometry they traversed; of the battles they fought in the regions of Physics and Chemistry; of the sunny land of English VI, and the sterner one of English VII; but at last they came to the foot of a hill, the top of which was their goal. Many had been lost in their journey and if

stragglers from other parties had not joined them, there would have been hardly any left. Only eight now followed the patient leader, and only three of these were of the original fifty. As they climbed this last high hill they looked back over the way they had come expecting to see plainly the mountains and the floods. But what was their surprise to find that the road lay smooth and straight, though it grew a little narrower in the distance. The deserts and the plains, the mountains and the valleys, that had troubled them so much had all mingled together to make one even road. While they were looking and wondering, the wise man spoke.

"My children," said he, "the country you started out to conquer is not a place with boundaries; it is a way of which no man has found the end. See," he added as they reached the crest of the hill and gained a view beyond, "there is the way." They looked and lo! the road they sought stretched on and on before them, growing ever broader and broader until it embraced all things and vanished in the infinite.



The Presentation

Thorn Gale

For many years past, it has been the custom for all classes, upon graduating, to present the school with some form of a gift which would not only keep the members of the class in the memory of those then in the school and those who were yet to come, but would also be the means of beautifying the study hall or the outside hall and promoting the zeal and ambition of the students. That these ends may still be accomplished, and that we may express our gratitude and appreciation, we wish to leave behind us a token of permanent value to the school.

We present our school with a gift representative of one of the very greatest Americans, one that should be held as the highest ideal by every Young American. This gift represents one who embodies the very highest type of American citizenship, and whenever the students of this school look upon it, may they always regard it as a reminder of one who planted his standard upon the battlements of integrity and courage. In the midst of struggle, trial, hardship, and sorrow, which ran throughout his entire life, his highest and uppermost thoughts were those of serving his country and his fellow man to the best of his truly wonderful ability, and for both he cherished the greatest love. He was also a lover of children and animals. By reason of the incessant toil to which he was subjected, the lines of care were deeply written upon his noble countenance. But beneath them, he always carried a courageous heart, because he never failed to do what he earnestly believed to be his duty. His noble thoughts were always directed toward the comfort and happiness of his fellow man rather than toward himself.

Beginning life as a poor, back-woods, frontier boy, he rose from the humble position of a farm laborer and fence-rail splitter to the highest station of life. Thus he was one of the great Americans to demonstrate the great principle of democracy, and what the truest Anglo-Saxon spirit really is. Like many of his famous countrymen before him, he shows us as President Roosevelt stated recently at the dedication of the statue of General Philip H. Sheridan, who was of Irish parentage, that Americanism is not a matter of place or condition of birth, creed or descent, but the great principle that all men are created free and equal.

This is a cast of one who was kind, generous, patriotic, resolute and upright. His sympathies were as broad as the great land which he loved, in which he lived and in which he died, and his rugged integrity and strength of purpose were as fixed as the eternal principles of right. Such are a few of the great and noble characteristics to be drawn from the life of—Abraham Lincoln.



Class Will of Xmas, '08

(By the Girls of the Class.)

We, the Xmas '08 class, of Santa Rosa High School, being of a sound mind, acting under no undue influence, desire to make our last will and testament. After having spent all these years of grind and toil inside these dungeon walls, having successfully obtained our release, yet knowing our days to be numbered, we do hereby bequeath all we possess to the ones most deserving.

I. To the Faculty, who have patiently guided us through these four, long years, we desire to extend our unfeigned gratitude and our appreciation of all they have done for us.

II. To the pupils in the back section of the Study Hall, we leave a supply of ear-trumpets and to Mr. Searcy, a megaphone in order that he may be heard by all.

III. We leave to the school a book containing the favorite expressions of the day, such as: "That ul du—claas;" "Excuse the slang expression," "Yaas well—so far Susel," "Now class," "So much for today, then;" "If so, why? If not, why not?" "What did I assign for the lesson today;" "Have you your paper for today, John?" "They will meet in infinity."

IV. We leave to the faculty and to the school in general a goodly supply of tanglefoot flypaper, to be distributed throughout the building.

V. We hasten our departure so that we, at least, may be able to be graduated before June, '09. We, the girls of this class, advise the girls of June, '09, who have not already completed their graduating dresses, to take pattern from ours.

Our personal property we bequeath as follows:

I, Lewis Lambert, president of this distinguished class, hereby bequeath my executive ability to Ed Bent. Having

won great renown as a sprinter, I bequeath my unusual locomotive power to Paul Cochrane; my class pin I hereby will to Sylvia King and my medals to be drawn by lot by the "irresistibles." I leave my curly hair and dancing brown eyes to Allen Lane. On Frank Green I bestow my extra years, and on French Phares my spare inches, along with my track suit. My failing for "stag" parties I bequeath to Nat Mallory.

I, Raymond Linsley, wishing to bestow my pet name, Pig, upon the one whom it most fits, leave it to Ed Bent. I entrust my precious "Stone" to Tom Proctor for safe keeping. My popularity with the girls I leave to Ross Chase. My good looks and winning ways, I bequeath to Galen Lee and my enchanting brown eyes, to Elinor Lobdell and my weakness for brilliant socks, I leave to Wesley Mathers.

I, Nell Lee, before departing forever from this hall of learning, do give and bequeath my art of bluffing to Lilian Rosenberg. To the freshmen girls, who are so enthusiastic over the "barn dance," I leave the basement piano on which they may play "Reuben, Reuben" to their hearts' content. My desk in the study hall opposite seat IV, in section II, row II, to Elsie Rickard; and to Will Rogers, I bequeath all my old hair ribbons, with which to tie his stray curls. My ability as a professional "sneezer," I hand down to Beulah Miller.

I, Howard Hubbell, realizing that my time has come, desire to have my position as Athletic edition of the "Porcupine" bestowed upon Clarence Grove. The little blackboard near the front entrance of the studyhall I leave to the one who most desires to write notices thereon. My squeaky high-top boots, I leave to Arthur Voss, knowing he will enjoy walking up and down the Study Hall in them. My orange and black-striped necktie I leave to Shirley Abeel. My extra "weeds" and my old tobacco sacks I bequeath to Dio Gidding. My abundant supply of handkerchiefs I leave to Erba Peugh, and to Cecil Olson my "specs." To Berna Steele

I bequeath my roaming habit as well as my good nature.

I, Bess McFarlane, do hereby will and bequeath the blue eyes left to me by a June, '08, graduate along with my habit of flirting, to "Cupid" Weeks. The wads of gum, to be found under the lid of my desk, I bestow upon Wilfred Luce to give him occupation during study periods. My propensity to laugh in the Study Hall I leave to Mary Sheppard and my graceful amble I bestow upon Irene Warboys. To Esther Scott I leave my angelic expression and my little "fussed-blush," and to Will Hyde, my coquettish dimple.

I, Comfort Haven, do leave my quiet, obedient ways to Elmer Stump and Preston Shearer, my peaches and cream complexion to Perry Lytton, and to Russell Snyder, I bequeath a volume entitled, "How to Become Popular." To Leo Noonan I leave this advice—not to endanger his health with over study, but to take more outdoor exercise. I bestow upon Minka Bloom my superfluous wit, together with my reputation as a jolly, good fellow; my habit of falling asleep in recitation I leave to Mina Patton, and my literary ability manifested on the "Porcupine" staff, to Ada Cline.

I, John Elmore, being about to pass from these walls, do hereby bequeath my boisterous ways to Jean Ross; my brown eyes, which I have used to advantage, I leave to Linda Tomasi to be further utilized in the same manner. My ability as a "queener," accompanied with a book entitled, "How to win the Fair Sex," I leave to Jack Sibbald. My class-pin, I leave to Bernice Knight and to Louise Gunn my winning smile.

I, Thorne Gale, with the desire to benefit humanity in general, leave my well supplied vocabulary of long words together with my pocket dictionary to Corine Goodfellow, hoping that she may handle them in the future as well as I have in the past. My ability as an orator is to be divided equally between Mildred Peterson and Serena Maddux, hoping with this added to their powers, they will be able to win the next debate in which they take part. My beloved fire

badge, and my best regards, I leave to Hazel Marble, trust-badger, and my best regards, I leave to Hazel marble, trusting that she will treasure both when I have departed. Having been greatly aided in getting to school on time, by the swift gait kindly left to me by a June, '08, graduate, I hand it on down to Margie Jones, and my extra credits to Bertheleen Caldwell.

To the ones not already mentioned, we leave the remainder of our Manila pads and stray pencils, and a stick of prize candy to be called for at the library, where they will be delivered in person by our President.

We desire, that this, our last will and testament be executed with promptness and exactness, therefore we appoint the Faculty to see that each detail be carried out.

In witness whereof, we set our hand and seal this eighteenth day of December, nineteen hundred and eight.

Xmas Class of '08.

Witness:—The Spirit of Santa Rosa High School.



Programme

Overture, "Bohemian Girl" Orchestra
 March, "Call of the Wild" Orchestra
 Invocation Rev. Peter Colvin
 Introductory Address Class President, Lewis Lambert
 Class Will Miss Bess McFarlane
 Written by the Misses Bess McFarlane and Nellie Lee
 Class Prophecy Comfort Haven
 Presentation Thorne Gale
 Selection, "Vandersloot's Bomb" Orchestra
 Address, "The Opportunities of Youth" .. Mr. Clarence Lea
 Selection, "School Days" Orchestra
 Last Words... City Supt. of Schools, Mr. J. E. Williamson

Class Roll

Lewis S. Lambert
 Bess McFarlane
 Comfort Haven
 Raymond LinSley
 Nellie Lee
 Howard 9 Hubbell
 John Elmore
 Thorne 8 Gale

Breaking the Ice

You understand, don't you? I am almost sure you do, for I think everybody has had some similar experience. If you haven't had, you won't understand how I felt about it, but so sure am I that you must have had something of a similar experience, that I shall tell you mine. Oh, but he was a keen fellow!

Don't you know, I'll tell you all about it. I saw him first just as he came into the Study Hall. It was one Monday morning, two weeks before Christmas. I had arrived early to study and therefore I was watching everybody that came in. About ten minutes to nine, he came, and the principal showed him his seat. Oh, he was so handsome, tall, and had such pretty hair—I could simply—well. His seat was near me—only two seats back and in the next row.

You see, my corner always was filled with girls and boys whom I didn't like very well. There was not one classy boy in the lot, and I certainly was glad when I saw him seated in my corner. Now, there was at least one decent boy near me. I thought, and I planned all sorts of future fun.

But I had an awful hard time to get acquainted with him. He was not the least bit bashful, but I suppose, since he was a stranger to everyone, that he felt lonesome and uncommunicative. I wanted to get acquainted awfully bad, and tried my hardest, but all in vain. I used to look around at him often, but he would always be studying. I was in his Algebra class, and he certainly was bright. I saw him talking to two boys one recess, and I just sat and watched him; he was so nice to look at.

Well, I watched him and tried to attract his attention for two days, and if my attentions were not noticed, I had the satisfaction of knowing that no other girl had become acquainted with him. On the third day, I became disgusted

and didn't care if he never spoke to me. He was so nice, good-looking and beyond everyone else that I gave up all hopes of ever being his friend.

But on Thursday, he and I were alone in our corner in the first period. I turned around to look at him. He was looking at me, and whispered, "Got an extra pencil?" Now! at last he had spoken, but it is my luck, you know, to carry a fountain pen, for I lose every pencil I get, so I was obliged to shake my head. Just to think that an opportunity had slipped by, when just a pencil might have brought about a conversation at recess or some other time. Well, I resolved to get a pencil as soon as possible, so if he needed one again, I would have it. So I swiped one from Henry Linebaugh (who sits in front of me,) but found that it was broken. At the second period, my friend-to-be and I were still in the Study Hall. I thought that I would try now, so I whispered back and asked him for a knife with which to sharpen my pencil. He felt in his pocket and shook his head, and I was stung again. Now, what do you think of that? Two attempts that might have led to friendship, but were failures on account of the lack of a pencil and knife. Nothing in the way of acquaintance happened that day.

Friday morning came and the first thing the principal passed little slips of paper to everyone. He then told us that since that day was the last school day before the Christmas holidays, the students could have a little present giving among themselves. Each one was to write his name on the piece of paper and to pass them forward. They would be collected and all the girls names would be put into one box and all the boys' names into another box. After that the boxes would be shaken, and the girls were to pick a name from the boys' box, and the boys were to pick from the girls'. Well, we all wrote down our names, passed them in and they were sorted and placed in the two boxes. While this was being done, the principal informed us that we were to spend five cents for a present for the person whose name

we drew, and to bring the present at noon. Then the boxes were passed and we all drew. Now, whose name do you think I drew? Well, this wouldn't be a story if I hadn't drawn whom you think I did. Sure enough, I opened the little slip of paper and there was "Kenneth Armstrong." Of all luck! I could have framed that little paper; I treasured it so.

I wondered what I could get for him. Of course, the whole affair of giving was a joke, as nothing of any value could he bought for five cents. One girl drew the name of a boy she had jilted and I heard her say she was going to get some candy with cheyenne pepper inside for him. I also heard a boy say he was going to get a doll for the girl whose name he drew. Finally, I thought I would get him a knife, since he didn't have one, I knew where I could get one for five cents, they came in little prize packages. So I bought a package and got the knife.

At noon, we all wrapped up our presents and addressed them. Then they were collected and passed out to the owners.

My present came in a long, narrow box; I could not imagine who could be the one who had sent it to me. I opened it carefully and found—a nice red pencil. How's that?

School was dismissed immediately and I glanced around to see how Kennett took everything. He was looking down at me. We both smiled and then he walked down to my desk. Gee, at last it was about to happen! When he was at the side of my desk, he sat down across the aisle, and began:

"Quite a compliment, if you meant that I was as sharp as this knife."

"And do you really think I am as dull as this pencil?" I asked.

"Well, you know that knives can sharpen pencils, don't you?" he returned.

And so this is how we became acquainted.

A Christmas Dinner at Blue Tent

"We certainly had a glorious time," said Margy as she drew off her gloves after coming home from an afternoon spent with some of her girl friends.

We had soup at Nan's and salad at Frances,—"

"What's all this?" interrupted Uncle Ben, peering over the top of his newspaper. Uncle Ben was a Western mine owner, and Margy had seen him for the first time when he came to visit his sister, Margy's mother, in Connecticut.

"Why its a progressive dinner. We had six courses, and we served each course at a different house. Its lots of fun."

"So you call it a progressive dinner, do you?" said Uncle Ben. "I never knew it was called that though I had a dinner something like it when I was in Blue Tent mining camp in the Sierras. But I can't say that I ever considered it a particularly enjoyable affair," and he chuckled at the recollection.

"Oh, tell us about it," cried the children. Uncle Ben laid down his paper and smiled good humoredly, then began the story of the progressive dinner at Blue Tent.

"The spring after I went West I wrote home and told mother about the awful time we boys had, doing our own cooking. I said I wished I'd learned how to cook plain food when I had some one to teach me at home. The next mail from the East brought a cookbook from mother, with many of the common dishes marked. There was joy in camp at its arrival, and in the evenings, when reading matter gave out, the boys got the cookbook, and took turns reading the recipes and passing judgment on them.

"Often some one would recognize a recipe that his mother or sister had used back home, when it would always lead to a discussion of the good things we used to get to eat. And then one evening we got to talking of the old Christmas dinners.

"Why don't we have a Christmas dinner out here?" asked Jumper.

"Oh, yes, Jack-rabbit stew. I'm tired of ringing the change on Jack-rabbit stew, Jack-rabbit fry, and Jack-rabbit soup.

"Yep, that's it. For breakfast you have the left hind wing of a Jack-rabbit, for dinner the right hind wing, for supper the left fore wing. The right fore wing and the ribs go to the coyotes, and next day you shoot another rabbit and go through the same performance.'

"Everybody groaned.

"No, sir, we don't want no cotton tails for Christmas, but I'll tell you the trick, boys. Each of you pick out one dish in the cook book and we'll have something to suit everyone. But don't you let on to no one what you're going to have, except to tell the feller that's going to be cook. You'll have to appoint some one to that post of responsibility.'

"The upshot of it all was, they made me cook, and I was to send down to Sacramento, sixty miles away, for all the necessary supplies.

"Well, sir, you never saw such a combination of dishes. Fritz wanted noodle soup, Jim had his heart set on a rice pudding, and others demanded pound cake, cornfritters and such impossible creations.

"I made out a list, and sent Bill off to Sacramento about the first of December. Then I got to work, and studied those recipes until I could recite them, standing on my head, with my eyes shut.

"Christmas fell on Thursday, and we expected Bill the week before, but he didn't put in an appearance. Monday night we were gathered in the cabin, wondering what could have become of him, when we heard a shout, and every one rushed to the door to greet Bill. He solemnly deposited a package of raisins and a bottle of sour wine on

the table. Then he turned to the crowd, who were bombarding him with questions.

"'Had a good trip down,' he said, 'and deposited that bag of dust you gave me. Then I took in the sights, packed the stuff, and started back in plenty of time to get to Blue Tent last Friday. I got along all right, except that the snow was deep and hindered fast traveling, till we got up to the trail above the canyon. You know the place.'

"We did know the place. The trail was cut into the side of the mountain, and below it stretched a steep precipice, to the bed of Blue Creek. In the spring we often worked along here, and washed out many small nuggets.

"'Well, I struck that point Wednesday, and was ambling along on Dan, leading the pack mule, when I heard a roar and looking up the mountain I saw the trees bending and swaying and knew there was a snow slide. I jumped off and gave Dan and the mule a cut with my whip. They plunged heavily, but in less than a minute the snow was on top of us, and I didn't know nothin' more till I found myself fighting for breath. I finally broke through and after I'd shaken the snow from my eyes I looked for my animals.'

"'I dug around quite a spell, but couldn't find either of 'em. However, I did find in my skirmishing a side of bacon, most of which I've et, and these raisins and the bottle of wine. So I knew the pack must have broke, or they wouldn't 'a been scattered this way. But I couldn't hunt over the whole canyon for the rest of the truck, so I lit out, and I had a pretty tough time, hoofin' it in.'

"Next day the boys went out and shot some Jack-rabbits and we made mince pies with the meats, the raisins and three or four apples, we found in camp. The only thing we had in the way of spice was Jamaica ginger, and we put in a liberal dose of that. It made a queer tasting mess, but we called it mince meat anyhow.

"On Christmas the dinner consisted of Jack-rabbit stew and mince pie, and after this regal repast the boys amused

themselves by telling each other what they were going to have had, if it hadn't been for the slide.

"Next spring, while we were hunting nuggets along Blue Creek, we found the second course of our Christmas dinner—a dozen eggs—so we made Fritz's noodle soup and a cake. It was the middle of March before we found the rice for Jim's pudding and so we progressed along until we had found nearly everything Bill had lost and completed our "Christmas" dinner in April, with dried apple dumpings. We never did find all of the things, and there were some who had to go without their favorite dishes.

"That was the only progressive dinner I ever attended. They may have them in the West, for they're rather a progressive set, out there. But when I sit down at the table I prefer to finish my meal at the same place."



"The Porcupine"

Issued every school month in the interest of the Santa Rosa High School

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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, California.

To the Graduating Class

Tonight six boys and two girls are closing a twelve-year contract. During four years they were in the primary department, then four years in the grammar department, and during the last four years they have been in the high school. The time, no doubt, has seemed long to them, and possibly to their teachers at times. The end was so far distant that discouragement came often, and it came so severely that their class-mates, six to one, fell out by the way. The smallness

of their number merits for them the greater praise. They have been getting ready for the great life-contract. It is well that they have not been in a hurry. Power and ability cannot be developed without continued effort; effort well-aimed and kept up for a long while. It took one hundred and fifty years to build St. Peter's at Rome, a magnificent monument to the heroes of the Christian faith. No man is qualified to become president of the United States who is not thirty-five years old. Most of our presidents have passed fifty. To endure the strain incident to an active and worthy life one must have a character well-developed and tested by a serious experience of several years.

The rich man's son often fails until he has spent a fortune trying to find himself and to determine his ability. How much better to have trained him while a youth.

A large per cent of the leading men of our nation have received a liberal education; John Adams and John Quincy Adams at Harvard, Jefferson at William and Mary, Webster at Dartmouth, Calhoun at Yale, Blaine at Washington, Roosevelt at Harvard, and William H. Taft at Yale. We are not disconcerted by a reference to some notable exceptions such as Abraham Lincoln, who by the way was an educated man, though he did not receive his education in college halls. Such men come at long intervals to a nation, aye, even to the world.

It pays to have power to **do**, a power **free** to all who invite it. These eight young people (I am sorry to be unable to say anything of the other forty-eight) have learned to study, they understand some of the problems in nature and in society, and can apply scientific principles to the solution of whatever difficulties appear. They are prepared to do something for the welfare and happiness of mankind. Society has paid its debt to them, and rightfully expects them in turn to perform their part in the great life-contract. Ten years hence we shall expect them to be occupied in some useful work in which their best powers

will be utilized, where they will be industrious, comfortable and happy, dispensing a greater influence, enjoying a larger life, and growing the stronger and sweeter because of their association and training in the public schools of Santa Rosa.

J. E. WILLIAMSON.



With this issue the present editor retires from the Editorial Sanctum and gives her official authority into the possession of another. It has been a great pleasure to preside over the editorial department, but not an unalloyed pleasure. What with correcting manuscripts and afterwards correcting the printer's proof, and then, alas! to see the same old mistakes, or worse blunders, appear in the printers completed copy of the paper, the composure of the editor is apt to be ruffled, with her hopes of a faultless paper shattered.

But these disappointments are swept aside and forgotten by the remembrance of the generous assistance given by the members of the staff and other contributors. All of these she wishes to thank in this valedictory. To the scholars, in general, she would say: make the Porcupine worthy of this school, contribute to its columns what is best in your thoughts, so that its influence and worth, as a school organ may grow more pronounced year by year.



Xmas Class of '08, Just as It Is!

Name	Redeeming Feature	Nickname	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Failing	Appearance	Ambition
Lewis Lambert	Height	Shorty	Arguing	Ain't that right?	Chewing the rag	Important	To run a steam peanut roaster
Comfort Haven	Complexion	Buck	Getting into trouble	I'm the kid that built the Pyramids	Queening	Classy	To be sporting editor of the War-Cry
John Elmore	His feet	Johannus Elmoreus	Cultivating his voice	Ah Thunder	Walk	Studious	To be a philosopher
Howard Hubbell	That grin	Hub	Boots	Stung again?	Hot air	Dignified?	To be a fight promoter
Thorn Gale	His fire department badge.	Du Patterson	Getting to school just on time	Aw, no!	Using monstrous words	Daffy	To get Married
Bessie McFarlane	Smile	Bat	Giggling	Gee kid!	Gum	Jolly	to be a Merry Widow
Nellie Lee	Her laugh	Sis	Whispering	Ganz rotten	Sneezing	Dutchy	To graduate
Raymond Linsley	Expression	Pig	Worrying over nothing	Aw, Gwan!	The dear girls	Cute	To be Editor of the Milpitas Journal

The Wheels of Chance

(Continued from the November Issue.)

II.

When Ashley awoke late the next morning, the sun shone brightly, through the parted black curtains, upon a room such as few men have the good fortune to call their own. A massive reading table stood by the broad, front windows; large, inviting chairs were placed about in neat carelessness; pictures of college scenes, groups of animals, and scenes of the chase—all in bright, colored frames stood out upon the rich black walls.

Ashley rubbed his eyes, gazed about him, and rang for the servant. His call was immediately answered by the colored man servant to whom Ashley signified, necessarily without talking, his desire to breakfast. He arose and carefully attired himself in the morning suit of tweeds, laid out for him, and a few minutes later was eating his breakfast of egg, roll and coffee, idly gazing out upon the green shrubbery and bright flowers in the court below, or glancing over the morning papers which lay before him.

At ten o'clock he descended to the stable yard below, where he selected a riding horse—a fine, big chestnut and galloped off toward the park. He returned about noon; changed from his riding clothes, lunched, and, then calling one of the motorcars, spent the afternoon down town. Upon his return at five o'clock Ashley found his evening clothes laid out for them by the attentive servant. On the table were a number of late novels and magazines, so he spent the time before dinner, reading. The dining-room was long and narrow, a row of windows facing upon the street, Upon the black walls hung paintings and pictures of many types; here a lion stretched out upon the canvas, and there a group of Indian warriors gazed with hostile mien down upon the diners; old English hunting scenes shone forth in red-colored frames, and here

and there the work of an old master hung against the dark walls. Around the long table sat sixteen young men each attired like his neighbor in evening clothes. But not a word broke the silence of the long, black room.

And so Ashley's life continued the next day and the day following and the day following that, and he was content. He arose at whatever time he wished, breakfasted in his room, spent the mornings motoring or horseback riding, the afternoons reading or loitering about town, and the evenings at the theatres or clubs. On Friday evening immediately after dinner everyone went upstairs to a large square room on the third floor. This room was even blacker than any of the others; its black walls were bare of pictures, and the only article of furniture was a large black, walnut table in the center of the room. At nine o'clock all the men of the black house were assembled in this room and as the clock struck, a black hand thrust out a bunch of black slips of paper through a slit in the curtains at the south end of the room. Each of the men drew a slip of paper and laid it upon the table before him. The one holding the shortest slip remained in the room, and was never seen again; the rest silently filed out to their rooms.

III.

A month had passed, and every Friday night when the slips were drawn one of their number had remained and vanished completely from all knowledge of the others, while new members came to fill the vacancies. It was Friday again. The young men filed into the long, black room on the third floor, and waited. The clock struck and from the parted black curtains a handful of paper slips was thrust. Each in his turn drew a slip and placed it upon the table before him. The whole action took only a few seconds, but it was a breathless few seconds. Each one glanced at the other's slip and then at his own, and when he saw another slip shorter than his own, quietly withdrew. Ashley remained, he had drawn the shortest slip.

(To be Continued in the January Issue)

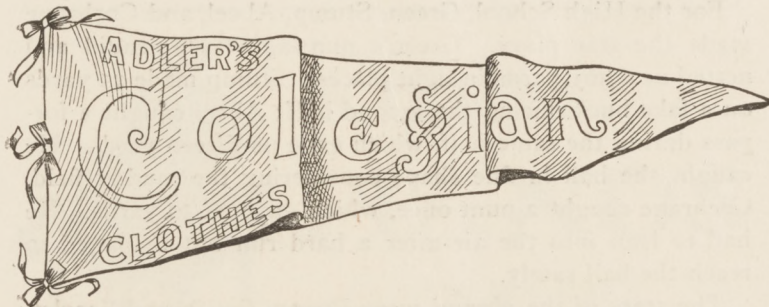
Athletics

The boys have begun the season well this year by winning the first two games by a large margin. It looks as if Captain Lee was going to turn out as good a team as we had last year. G. Lee and McDaniels are the veterans of the team and are doing good work. The new men are Chase, Miller, and Wilson and they certainly play the game well for men of their limited experience.

On November 13th, they played their first game with Lowell High, and defeated them by a score of 24 to 8; G. Lee was the star of the game as usual. He made 12 points, McDaniels 3, Miller 4, Chase 4 and Wilson 1.

A week later, we defeated the Healdsburg boys by a score of 26 to 8. The game was played at Healdsburg, and was very one-sided, Healdsburg being handicapped by the absence of Stein.

November 26th, we lined up against Wilmerding High of San Francisco, at Bower's Hall. We were defeated by a



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score of 23 to 24. At the end of the first half the score stood 19 to 8 in Wilmerding's favor. During the second half, our boys managed to make sixteen points to their seven by splendid playing. We were greatly handicaped by the absence of Mcdaniels.

The line-up for the first two games was: Wilson and Mcdaniels, guards; Lee, center; Miller and Chase, goalers. In the Wilmerding game Mermann substituted for Mcdaniels.

Football

Our big game was called at ten o'clock on Thanksgiving day at Recreation Park. The grounds were very muddy, and the game ended in a score of 0 to 0. Our boys held the Alumni in great shape, considering that the Alumni outweighed them, fifteen pounds to the man.

The Alumni had a chance to score twice, but failed to make it. Their place kicks were failures. The High School came nearly scoring once, but a fumble spoiled the play.

For the High School, Green, Stump, Abeel, and Cochrane made the star plays. Green's punting was splendid and netted us many yards in tight places. Stump made 25 yards on a fake buck during the second half; Abeel caught a for-pass during the same half, which gave us fifteen yards. He caught the ball in fine shape considering the muddy field. Cochrane caught a punt once, which gave us 50 yards. He had to leap into the air after a hard run but managed to reach the ball safely.

The stars of the alumni were Boony, Smith and Scarlet. These did most of the bucking and substantial gains resulted each time.

We missed Leo. Noonan in his place at half-back. Leo. always made great gains by his end-runs, and clever dodging. Twenty-minute halves were played.

The line-up—Abeel, Olsen, Webb, Clark, Snyder, Pharris and Shearer or Cochrane, Patton, Green, Hyde, Stump

We have also played four practice games with the Business College with the following scores:

October 22, Santa Rosa High School 17; Business College 0.

October 29, Santa Rosa High School 12; Business College, 0

November 11, Santa Rosa High School 0; Business College 0

November 18, Santa Rosa High School 10; Business Col., 0

Girls' Basket Ball

The following ditty, submitted by one of the team, serves better to express the feelings of the captain, than any feeble, foolish words from the pen of the athletic editor. Read it over. We hope it will have the desired effect.

"Where are the girls of the Santa Rosa High?

I wonder and search, but I can't see why

More don't come to practice in the hall,

(Continued on Page 39)



Knabe PIANOS

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MASONIC TEMPLE

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Eng. II.) Miss O'Meara.—Why was it more important for Hector to fight for his country rather than for his family?

Esther S.—Why the country was the largest, wasn't it?

The latest theory on steam, known as the Hansnixian theory, is that "steam is cold water crazy with the heat."

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Teacher—"What is the equator?"

Pupil.—"It is a menagerie lion running through the center of Africa."

Overheard at a "hen party."

First Girl.—There's one thing good about Howard Brush.

Second Girl.—What's that?

First Girl.—He has such good staying qualities, doncher know.

Latest College Styles in Shoes
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Is it because you're afraid you'll fall?
Watch Nellie and Margaret tumble round,
It don't hurt them when they touch the ground.
Maybe you're afraid you can't make first team,
Of course you can't while you sit and dream;
Be wide awake like Lu, Lillie and Ruth,
Watch the classy team work, and tell the truth,
That the girls' basket-ball team play well,
And don't play all in a pell-mell.
Be at the hall every night like "Min" and Irene,
We don't care a cent if you are kind o' green;
For Perrier will coach those who ain't too sassy,
And show you the way to become real "classy."
The captain has tried with all her might
To get you to practice from four till night,
So if the girls lose in the A. A. L.
Don't go to Minnie Cooper and give her—well,
Don't blame Minnie!"

Maybe the poem explains the result of a game with Healdsburg, played in that town; 33 to 9 the score stood at the finish. Well, cheer up, girls. Healdsburg may be made to forget a little of her joy when she meets S. R. H. S. in her own field.

Petaluma girls wandered down this way on the evening of the 27th of November and after a most exciting game carried off the honors by a score of 11 to 13. Minnie Cooper and Ruth Summer did some especially commendable work.

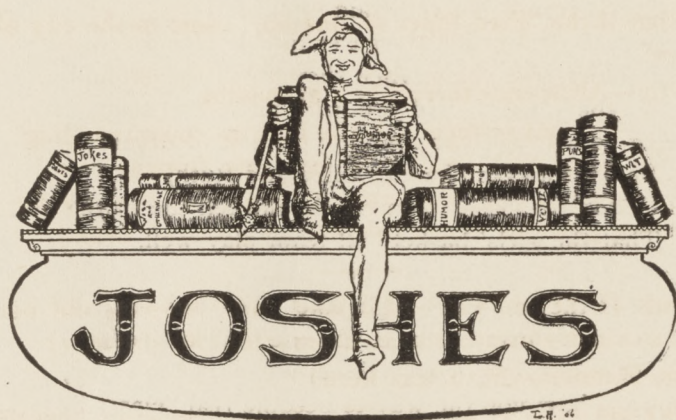
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Joshes—Don't try them if you are English.

Why is Thorne G. like the back of a clock?
Because he's always behind time.

Why are Jean's recitations like the middle of an hour
glass?
Because they're waste of time.

Why does Minnie Cooper "Chase" around?
Give that up, too? Why, because Ross C. might "coop
her."

The graduating class gave a "stag" party. Nell and Bess
acted as chaperones. We wonder if chaperones are sup-
posed to Act the way they did.



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What if the "Pied Piper of Hamlin," came to the city of
Roses?

Why—All at once there'd be a grumbling,

For out of their hair the rats 'ud come tumbling

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, peroxide rats tawny rats—

Goodness gracious Mabel wouldn't us girls be "fussed."

Ruth H. (Hist. VII.)—England and America did not
have so much enmity between them after 1780 did they?

Mr. Pierrier—Oh, it was keen!

(We are glad to see that Mr. Perrier can avail himself
of some new expressions to take the place of those dis-
carded after last month's "Porc.")

To Our Little Royal

Here lies the bones of poor little Royal

Ne'er shall we see him more;

The stuff he drank for castor oil

Was H-2 S. O. 4!



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Miss Wirt—Give the principal parts of schicken, (to send.)

Eloise E.—Schicken, hen, rooster, pullet.

Doc and Stump serenading Miss W.—“Gee, but ain’t this a lonesome town, nothing to do but hang around!”—Where?

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Miss Wythe—Give me an example of a space containing only vacuum.

Tom P. (who is on the Josh staff.)—Why-er the Josh box generally.

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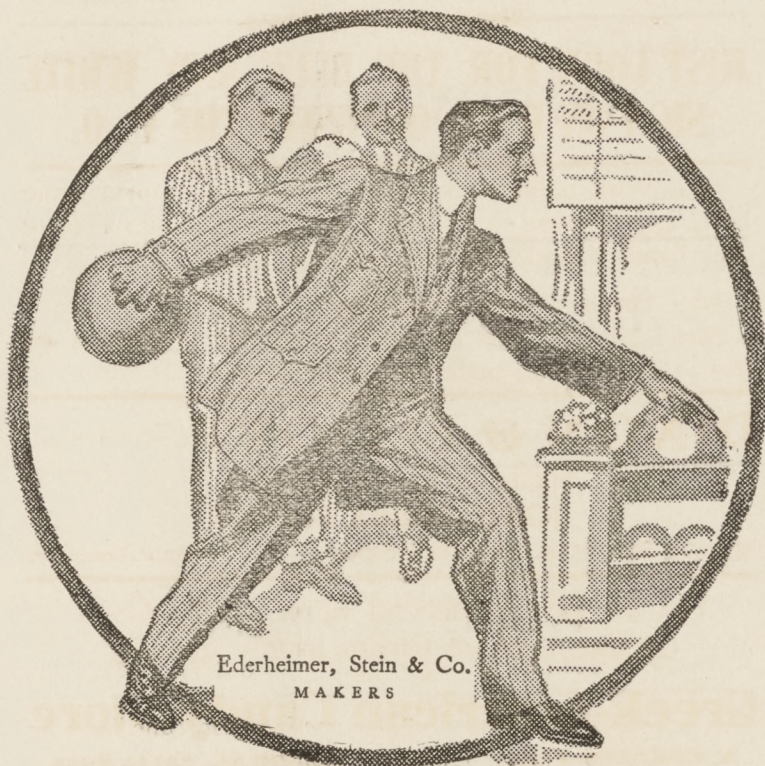
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Girls wear Clean Clothes: Boys why don't you?

**But laying jokes aside we can take any odd
suit and press it right jam up to date
and make it look like one of
those \$40.00, Boys**

**JUST LOOK FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE
SIGN ON D ST. OPPOSITE THE P. O.**

Miss Wirt, taking roll call in Section II.—I must make haste this morning so I'll ask those who are absent to raise their hands while I take their names.

Isn't Thorne a staid young man?

Hazel Marble.—Yes he staid so late last night that we had to put an extra plate on for breakfast.

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JOHN DEERE PLOWS

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The History VII class suddenly came back to earth the other day when Mr. Perrier quoted that familiar Johnsonian expression—"Heah we have it, puah and simple."

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Just His Luck

Kind Friend—Do you remember the first day you started to High School?

Doc S.—I should smile; it was on a Friday, the thirteenth of the month, 9:13 a. m., sat in the thirteenth seat of the thirteenth row for thirteen days then I twenty-three'd.

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Mr. Searcy to Thorne—Can't you solve that simple fraction.

T. G.—Yes sir, but I'd rather not.

Mr. S.—And why not?

Thorne.—Its an improper one, Mr. Searcy.

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